In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

But in the heart of me I didn't believe in any chance but one—the chance that I'd find that blessed baby and get my fingers just once more on that precious paper.

I blew in the A. D.'s nickel on a crosstown car and got back to the little square. There was another organ grinder there grinding out coon songs, to which other pickaninnies danced. But nary a little white bundle of fluff caught hold of my hand. I walked that square till my feet were sore. It was hot. My throat was parched. I was hungry. My head ached. I was hopeless. And yet I just couldn't give it up. I had asked so many children and nurse maids whether they'd heard of the baby lost that morning and brought back by an officer, that they began to look at me as though I was not quite right in my mind. The maids grabbed the children if they started to come near me and the children stared at me with big round eyes, as though they'd been told I was an ogre who might eat them.

I was hungry enough to. The little fruit stand at the entrance had a fascination for me. I found myself there time and again, till I got afraid I might actually try to get off with a peach or a bunch of grapes. That thought haunted me. Fancy Nance Olden starved and blundering into the cheapest and most easily detected species of thieving!

I suppose great generals in their hour of defeat imagine themselves doing the feeblest, foolishest things. As I sat there on the bench, gazing before me, I saw the whole thing—Nancy Olden after all her bragging, her skirmishing her hairbreadth scapes and successes arrested in broad daylight and before witnesses for having stolen a cool, wet bunch of grapes, worth a nickel, for her hot, dry, hungering throat! I saw the policeman that'd do it; he looked like that Sergeant Mulfitt I met 'way 'way back in Latimer's garden. I saw the officer that'd receive me; he had blue eyes like the detective that came for me to the Manhattan. I saw the woman jailer—oh, she was the A. D. all right, who'd receive me without the slightest emotion, show me to a cell and lock the door, as calm, as little triumphant or affected, as though I hadn't once outwitted that cleverest of creatures—and outwitted myself in forestalling her. I saw—

Mag, guess what I saw! No, truly; what I really saw? It made me jump to my feet and grab it with a squeal.

I saw my own purse lying on the gravel almost at my feet, near the little fruit stand that had tempted me.

Blank empty it was, stripped clean, not a penny left in it, not a paper, not a stamp, not even my key. Just the same I was glad to have it. It linked me in a way to the place. The clever little girl that had stolen it had been here in this park, on this very spot. The thought of that cute young Nance Olden distracted my mind a minute from my worry—and, oh, Maggie darlin', I was worrying so!

I walked up to the fruit stand with the purse in my hand. The old fellow who kept it looked up with an inviting smile. Lord knows, he needn't have encouraged me to buy if I'd had a penny.

"I want to ask you," I said, "if you remember selling a lot of good things to a little girl who had a purse this—this morning?"

I showed it to him, and he turned it over in his crippled old hands.

"It was full then—or fuller, anyway," I suggested.

"You wouldn't want to get her into trouble—that little girl?" he asked, cautiously.

I laughed. "Not I. I—myself—"

I was going to say—well, you can imagine what I was going to say, and that I didn't say it or anything like it.

"Well—there she is, Kitty Wilson, over yonder," he said.

I gasped, it was so unexpected. And I turned to look. There on one of the benches sat Kitty Wilson. If I hadn't been blind as a bat and full of trouble—oh, it thickens your wits, does trouble, and blinds your eyes and muffles your ears!—I'd have suspected something at the mere sight of her. For there sat Kitty Wilson enthroned, a hatless, lank little creature about 12, and near her, clustered thick as ants around a lump of sugar, was a crowd of children, black and white, boys and girls. For Kitty—that deplorable Kitty—had money to burn; or what was even more effective at her age, she had goodies to give away. Her lap was full of spoils. She had a sample of every good thing the fruit stand offered. Her cheeks and lips were smeary with candy. Her dress was stained with fruit. The crumbs of cake lingered still on her chin and apron. And Kitty—I love a generous thief—was treating the gang.

It helped itself from her abundant lap; it munched and gobbled and asked for more. It was a riot of a high old time. Even the birds were hopping about as near as they dared, picking up the crumbs, and the squirrels had peanuts to throw to the birds.

And all on Nancy Olden's money!

I laughed till I shook. It was good to laugh. Nancy Olden isn't accustomed to a long dose of the doleful, and it doesn't agree with her. I strolled over to where my guests were banqueting.

You see, Mag, that's where I shouldn't rank with the A. D. I'm too inquisitive. I want to know how the other fellow in the case feels and thinks. It isn't enough for me to see him act.

"Kitty," I said—somehow a 12-year-old makes you feel more of a grown-up than a 12-months-old does—"I hope you're having a good time, Kitty Wilson, but—haven't you lost something?"

She was chewing at the end of a long string of black candy—shoestrings, all right, the stiff looks like—and she was eating just because she didn't want to stop. Goodness knows, she was full enough. Her jaws stopped, though, suddenly, as she looked from the empty purse in my outstretched hand to me, and took me in.

Oh, I know that pause intimately. It says "Wait a minute, till I get my breath, and I'll know how much you know, and just what lie to tell you."

But she changed her mind when she saw my face. You know, Mag, if there's a thing that's fixed in your memory, it's the face of the body you've done up. The respectables have their rogues' gallery, but we, that is, the light-fingered brigade, have got a fools' gallery to correspond to it.

In which of 'em is my picture? Now, Margaret, that's mean. You know my portrait hangs in both.

I looked down on the little beggar that had painted me for the second salon, and lo, in a flash she was on her feet, the lapful of good things tumbled to the ground, and Kitty was off.

I was bitterly disappointed in that girl, Mag! I was altogther mistaken in my diagnosis of her. Hers is only a physical cleverness, a talented dexterity. She had no resource in time of danger but her legs. And legs will not carry a grafter half so far as a good, quick tongue and a steady head.

She halted at a safe distance and glared back at me. Her hostility excited a crowd of children—her push—against me, and the braver ones jeered the things Kitty only looked, while the thrifty ones stooped and gathered up the spoil.

KITTY WAS OFF.

"Tell her I wouldn't harm her," I said to one of her lieutenants.

"She says she won't hurt ye, Kit," the child screamed.

"She dassen't," yelled back Kitty, the valiant. "She knows I'd peach on her about the kid."

"Kid! What kid?" I cried, all afire.

"The kid ye swiped this mornin'. Yah! I told the cop what brought her back how ye took her jest as I—"

"Kitty!" I cried. "You treasure!" And with all my might I ran after her.

Silly? Of course it was. I might have known what the short skirts above those thin legs meant. I couldn't come within 50 feet of her. I halted, panting, and she paused, too, dancing tantalizingly half a block away.

What to do? I wished I had another purse to bestow on that sad Kitty, but I had nothing, absolutely nothing, except—all at once I remembered it—that little pin you gave me for Christmas, Mag. I took it off and turned to appeal to the nearest one of the flying bodyguard that had accompanied us.

"You run on to her and tell her that if she'll show me the house where that baby lives I'll give her this pin."

He sped on ahead and parleyed with Kit; and while they talked I held aloft the little pin so that Kit might see the price.

She hesitated so long that I feared she'd slip through my hands, but a sudden rival voice piping out: "I'll show ye the house, missus," was too much for her.

So, with Kit at a safe distance in advance to guard against treachery, and a large and enthusiastic following, I crossed the street, turned a corner, walked down one block and half up another, and halted before a three-story brown stone.

I flew up the stairs, leaving my escort behind, and rang the bell. It wasn't so terribly swagger a place, which relieved me some.

"I want to see the lady whose baby was lost this morning," I said to the maid that opened the door.

"Yes'm. Who'll I tell her?"

Who? That stumped me. Not Nance Olden, late of the Vaudeville, later of the Van Twiller, and latest of the police station. No—not Nance Olden . . . not . . .

"Tell her, please," I said, firmly, "that I'm Miss Murison, of the X-Ray, and that the city editor has sent me here to see her."

That did it. Hooray for the power of the press! She showed me into a long parlor, and I sat down and waited.

It was cool and quiet and softly pretty in that long parlor. The shades were down, the piano was open, the chairs were low and softly cushioned. I leaned back and closed my eyes, exhausted.

And suddenly—Mag!—I felt something that was a cross between a roseleaf and a snowflake touch my hand.

If it wasn't that delectable baby!

I caught her and lifted her to my lap and hugged the chuckling thing as though that was what I came for. Then, in a moment, I remembered the paper, and lifted her little white slip.

It was gone, Mag. The under-petticoat hadn't a sign of the paper I'd pinned to it.

My head whirled in that minute. I suppose I was faint with the heat, with hunger and fatigue and worry, but I felt myself slipping out of things when I heard the rustling of skirts, and there before me stood the mother of my baby.

The little wretch! She deserted me and flew to that pretty mother of hers in her long, cool white trailing things, and sat in her arms and mocked at me.

It was easy enough to begin talking. I told her a tale about being a newspaper woman out on a story; how I'd run across the baby and all the rest of it.

"I must ask your pardon," I finished up, "for disturbing you, but two things sent me here—one to know if the baby got home safe, and the other," I gulped, "to ask about a paper with some notes that I pinned to her skirt."

She shook her head.

It was in that very minute that I noticed the baby's ribbons were pink; they had been blue in the morning.

"Of course," I suggested, "you've had her clothes changed, and—"

"Why, yes, of course," said baby's mother. "The first thing I did when I got hold of her was to strip her and put her in a tub; the second, was to discharge that gossiping nurse for letting her out of her sight."

"And the soiled things she had on—the dress with the blue ribbons?"

"I'll find out," she said.

She rang for the maid and gave her an order.

"Was it a valuable paper?" she asked.

"Not—very," I stammered. My tongue was thick with hope and dread. "Just—my notes, you know, but I do need them. I couldn't carry the baby easily, so I pinned them on her skirt, thinking—thinking—"

The maid came in and dumped a little heap of white before me. I fell on my knees.

Oh, yes, I prayed all right, but I searched, too. And there it was.

What I said to that woman I don't know even now. I flew out through the hall and down the steps and—

And there Kitty Wilson corralled me.

"Say, where's that stick-pin?" she cried.

"Here!—here, you darling!" I said, pressing it into her hand. "And, Kitty, whenever you feel like swiping another purse—just don't do it. It doesn't pay. Just you come down to the Vaudeville and ask for Nance Olden some day, and I'll tell you why."

"Gee!" said Kitty, impressed. "Shall—shall I call ye a hansom, lady?"

Should she! The blessed inspiration of her!

I got into the wagon and we drove down street—to the Vaudeville.

I burst in past the stage doorkeeper, amazed to see me, and rushed into Fred Obermuller's office.

"There!" I cried, throwing that awful paper on the desk before him. "Now cinch 'em, Fred Obermuller, as they cinched you. It'll be the holiest blackmail that ever—oh, and will you pay for the hansom?"

CHAPTER XVI.

I DON'T remember much about the first part of the lunch. I was so hungry I wanted to eat everything in sight, and so happy that I couldn't eat a thing.

But Mr. O. kept piling the things on my plate, and each time I began to talk he'd say: "Not now—wait till you're rested, and not quite so famished."

I laughed.

"Do I eat as though I was starved?"

"You—you look tired, Nance."

"Well," I said, slowly, "it's been a hard week."

"It's been hard for me, too; harder, I think, than for you. It wasn't fair to me to let me—think what I did and say what I did. I'm so sorry, Nance—and ashamed. So ashamed! You might have told me."

"And have you put your foot down on the whole thing; not much!"

He laughed. He's got such a boyish laugh in spite of his chin and his eyeglasses and the bigness of him. He filled my glass for me and helped me again to the salad.

Oh, Mag, it's such fun to be a woman and have a man wait on you like that! It's such fun to be hungry and sit down to a jolly little table just big enough for two, with carnations nodding in the tall slim vase, with a fat, soft-footed, quick-handed waiter dancing behind you, and something tempting in every dish your eye falls on.

It's a gay, happy, easy world, Maggie darlin'. I vow I can't find a dark corner in it—not to-day.

None but the swellest place in town was good enough, Obermuller had said, for us to celebrate in. The waiters looked queerly at us when we came in—me in my dusty shoes and mussed hair and old rig, and Mr. O. in his working togs. But do you suppose we cared?

IT MADE ME SO PROUD.

He was smoking and I was pretending to eat fruit when at last I got fairly launched on my story.

He listened to it all with never a word of interruption. Sometimes I thought he was so interested that he couldn't bear to miss a word I said. And then again I fancied he wasn't listening at all to me; only watching me and listening to something inside of himself.

(To Be Continued.)

Life's primrose path is paved with the long green.

AN OMNIVOROUS COLONEL

Has Sampled Snakes, Puppies, Live Fish, Horse and Bear.

A man who, according to What to Eat, professes to have eaten more different kinds of food in more different climes than any other man living today, or than any other man that ever lived in any other time, is Colonel Newnham Davis, of London.

"I was dining once with a Japanese family in Tokyo," says the colonel, "when a queer covered dish was brought to the table. The servant removed the cover, disclosing a live fish wriggling and flopping inside the dish.

"They then proceeded to kill it before my eyes and offer me a portion to eat. I did so, too. It was of a peculiar taste, but not unpleasant.

"Next to Japan, China offers the greatest array of marvelous dishes. Eggs 40 or 50 years old, which have been buried for those periods in a clay, are held to be the greatest delicacies in the empire. The longer the egg is interred the finer it is supposed to be. The Chinese egg that is sent to the table is almost black and its flavor reminds one of an overripe egg that has been hard boiled and then served.

"I have eaten many disagreeable things in China—merely for the experience, of course. Among these were sea slugs, a sort of oyster, and fattened puppy. The most disagreeable however, was a bit of cold pig's liver wrapped around a prune. There was no escape for me from eating this, though I tried to avoid it. My neighbor at the table picked up the liver and the prune with his chopsticks and held them before my lips. I could do nothing but open my mouth and allow the combination to be inserted, because it is considered a signal of honor in the celestial kingdom to have a fellow-guest offer you a dainty morsel in the aforesaid manner.

"The fattened puppy tasted something like a baked suckling pig. The puppy is fed on rice and milk for several months before it is killed to be eaten, and the flesh is tender and quite palatable.

"In Africa—the Transvaal—I have lived on trek cattle, hedgehogs and other things. They tasted peculiar.

"I have often eaten fried serpent in Africa. This did not appeal to me, however. It tasted something like an eel of an inferior, oily sort. where I have tried bear. The meat of the animal from which I had a steak was much like the stringy flesh of an ox of questionable age. I believe the best bear meat is that from a small species which feeds mostly on wild fruit.

"Turkish restaurants were more acceptable than a person would be led to believe. One of their most noted dishes is a joint of lamb boiled to shreds and the small pieces eaten with the fingers.

"Horseflesh I have eaten in South Africa, to return to that country again. It was at Ladysmith this was served, because there was nothing else. The flesh of the horse is unsatisfactory, as it is sweet and tough. Our men at Ladysmith became tired of it.

"There is one wild beast I have not partaken of, and that is lion's flesh. I have never heard of this being eaten, but I should imagine from the nature of the beast the flesh would be dry and stringy, coupled with a rank taste. The lion is lacking in fat. I shot several in India, but their bodies were nothing but hard muscle. It is the same with the buck you kill in India and Africa. The animals are destitute of fat.

"I think Monte Carlo is the most expensive place in the world to dine. One cannot get any kind of a respectable meal there for less than 15 or 20. For every glass of old brandy there you will be asked to pay $2.50. In Paris there is some cognac bottled before the battle of Waterloo which commands $5 a thimbleful."

"So she's another society girl going into the theatrical world. I suppose she hopes to make a name for herself on the stage." "Oh! yes, but she's so particular. She has looked through any number of novels for a good name, but she hasn't found one to suit her yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hoops of steel couldn't hold some men who are helpless before half a dozen yards of blue ribbon.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Corrected May 30, 1906

South Bound	101	103	121
Lv. Cincinnati	8:20am	6:00pm	....
Lv. Louisville	12:01pm	9:40pm	7:31am
Lv Owensboro	.....	6:30pm	*9:00am
Lv. Horse Branch	2:28pm	12:08am	11:05am
Lv. Central City	3:30pm	1:03am	12:30pm
Lv. Nortonville	4:08pm	1:40am	1:28pm
Lv. Evansville	12.50pm	4:40pm	8:30am
Lv. Nashville	....	7.00pm	8:05am
Lv. Hopkinsville	....	9:45pm	11:20am
Lv. Princeton	4:55pm	2:27am	2:35pm
Ar. Paducah	6:10pm	3:40am	4:15pm
Lv. Paducah	6:15pm	3:45am	4:20pm
Ar. Fulton	7:20pm	4:50am	6:00pm
Ar. Gibbs, Tenn	8:06pm	5:51am	....
Ar. Rives	8:13pm	6:01am	....
Ar. Jackson	....	7:15am	....
Ar. Memphis	11:10pm	8:20am	....
Ar. N. Orleans	10:35am	8:15pm	....

North Bound	102	104	122
Lv. N. Orleans	7:10pm	9:15am	....
Lv. Memphis	6:45am	8:50pm	....
Lv. Jackson	8:07am	10:10pm	....
Lv Rives	....	11:58pm	....
Lv. Fulton	10:15am	12:35am	6:00am
Ar. Paducah	11:20am	1:43am	7:40am
Lv. Paducah	11:25am	1:48am	7:50am
Ar. Princeton	12:39pm	3:03am	9:29am
Ar. Hopkinsville	6:15pm	5.20am	......
Ar. Nashville	9:25pm	8:10am	....
Ar. Evansville	3:45pm	9:45am	....
Ar. Nortonville	1.28pm	3.51am	10.35am
Ar. Central City	2:05pm	4:30am	11:30am
Ar. Horse Branch	3:06pm	5:18am	12:55pm
Ar. Owensboro	*4:55pm	6:00am	*4:55pm
Ar. Louisville	5:35pm	7:50am	4:55pm
Ar. Cincinnati	9:15pm	12:00 m	....

ST. LOUIS DIVISION

North Bound	306	374
Lv. Paducah	12:40pm	4:20pm
Ar. Carbondale	4:25pm	8:40pm
Ar. Chicago	6:30am	6:30am
Ar. St. Louis	8:05pm	7:20am

South Bound	305	375
Lv. St. Louis	7:45am	9:40pm
Lv. Chicago	2:50am	6:20pm
Lv. Carbondale	11:40am	7:05am
Ar. Paducah	3:35pm	11:00am

CAIRO-NASHVILLE LINE.

North Bound.	101-801	135-835
Lv Nashville	8:10am	....
Lv Hopkinsville	11:20am	6:40 am
Lv Princeton	2:30 pm	7:45 am
Ar Paducah	4:15 pm	9:25 am
Lv Paducah	6:15pm	9:30 am
Ar Cairo	7:45 pm	11:10 am
Ar St. Louis	7:20 am	4:30 pm
Ar Chicago	6:30 am	9:30 pm

South Bound	122-822	136-836
Lv Chicago	6:20 pm	9:40 am
Lv St. Louis	9:40 pm	1:50 pm
Lv Cairo	6:00 am	5:55pm
Ar Paducah	7:45 am	7:40 pm
Lv Paducah	7:50 am	8:10 pm
Ar Princeton	9:29am	4:45 pm
Ar Hopkinsville	....	6:10 pm
Ar Nashville	....	9:25pm

Trains marked thus * run daily except Sunday. All other trains run daily.

Trains 103 and 104 carry through sleepers between Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans Trains 101 and 102 sleepers beween Louisville Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 801 and 822 sleepers between Paducah and St Louis. Train 801 connects at East Cairo with Chicago sleeper.

For further information address J. T. Donovan, agent, city ticket office, or R. N. Prather ticket agent, Union Depot, Paducah. F. W. Harlow, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky., John A. Scott, A. G. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.: S. G. Hatch G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.: W. H. Brill, C. T. A., St. Louis Mo.

The average man hates to play poker with a bad loser almost as much as with a good winner.

Literal.

The new office-boy was found sitting in his chair with the telephone transmitter in his lap.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked the boss.

"A fellow called up a little while ago," replied the future head of the firm, "and told me to hold the 'phone till he called again."—August Lippincott's.